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EXTRA. 2 O'CLOCK. IN DAYS GONE BY.

Political Reminiscences of Some of
New York's Well-Known Men.

John J. Morris Tells How a Sham Fight
Carried a Convention.

A Recalcitrant Delegate Spends a Night In
a Police Cell.

How "Peacemaker" John D. Law-
son Got His Title of
"Sitting Bull."

John J. Morris is a unique figure in New York life. He is wealthy and lives in retirement and peaceful retirement at the aristocratic Bessford, overlooking the Park. He is a pillar of Dr. John Paxton's fashionable church, and devotes himself to the enjoyment of a fortune honestly made. It was not always so with John J. Morris. He was once an active and prominent figure in the politics of the city. When William F. Havemeyer was the reform mayor, and was known as "King William," John J. Morris was his Bismarck of the Aldermanic Reichstag.



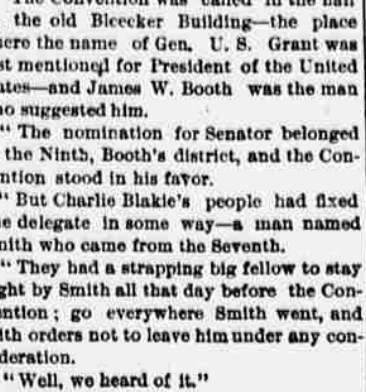
"HE RETURNED WITH BOTH HIS COAT-TAILS CUT OFF."

Mr. Morris devoted himself to his duty as an Excelsior, spending whole nights in personal search for evidence against the dives that were asking for renewals of their licenses. Nowadays, ex-Commissioner Morris revels in memories of the past, and his well-ordered brain is brim-full of reminiscences concerning all phases of metropolitan life. He is deeply interested in all that affects the city, and until recently had a fire-alarm in his house, and promptly appeared at the scene of every fire, whatever the hour or season, or however far from his home the fire might be.

He is a mine to the "special" writers, for he has not only an active memory, but what newspaper men call "a nose for news." That is, he is ready to inform the reporter on exactly the points that go to make up the desired story. Therefore, when an EVENING WORLD man asked him for a political reminiscence he was not at all surprised to hear the veteran clear his throat and begin instantly.

"I remember plainly how John J. Lawson got the name of 'Sitting Bull' at Washington, when, as a Congressman, he was on a committee that entertained and treated with a delegation of Indians. 'Here at home he was called the 'peacemaker' because of his faculty for bringing about an understanding between warring factions of the Republican party. 'His methods in peacemaking were peculiar, however, and I recall one occasion when he returned from a mission of peacemaking in the Fifteenth Assembly District with both his coat-tails cut off. 'Once at a convention where Col. Mike Burns was a candidate for the Aldermanic nomination, Mr. Lawson opposed him and made a speech. In the midst of it Col. Burns, who had stepped out, opened the door and, pausing on the threshold, brought down the house by ejaculating 'Hello, Sitting Bull has got across the line again.' Then Col. Burns closed the door and went away. 'John D. Lawson, Cornelius Van Cott, Richard Collins, Bill Symes, Hugh Gardner, John W. Jacobus, Bill Hepburn, Jimmie Coakley, Abram Lent, George B. Dean, myself and others were delegates to a Senatorial convention, and, as a sample of what a trifling thing sometimes turns the whole trend of political history, an event of that convention is a good one. 'James W. Booth was a candidate for the Republican nomination for State senator in the Eighth Senatorial District, then comprising the Fifth, Seventh, Ninth and Thirteenth Assembly districts. 'Charles Blake was the opposing candi-

date. The delegations from the Seventh and Ninth were instructed by the primaries to vote for Booth, while those from the Fifth and Thirteenth were for Blake. 'The Convention was called in the hall in the old Bleecker Building—the place where the name of Gen. U. S. Grant was first mentioned for President of the United States—and James W. Booth was the man who suggested him. 'The nomination for Senator belonged to the Ninth, Booth's district, and the Convention stood in his favor. 'But Charles Blake's people had fixed one delegate in some way—a man named Smith who came from the Seventh. 'They had a strapping big fellow to stay right by Smith all that day before the Convention; go everywhere Smith went, and with orders not to leave him under any consideration. 'Well, we heard of it."



"THEY ROLLED DOWNSTAIRS CLAMORING IN EACH OTHER'S EARS. 'Commissioner Morris's broad, genial face beamed with enjoyment of his recollection, and he smiled benevolently upon the visitor. Then an expression of sheepishness chased over his face, and he said hastily: 'Smith was an honest sort of fellow, I think. I used to meet him occasionally, and I always felt a touch of remorse when I saw him. 'You see, something had to be done. The party had said it wanted Booth, and here was this fellow about to be recreant to his constituency, which would result in the defeat of Booth. 'The Convention was got together and called to order, and after a little parleying a messenger advanced and whispered to Smith that 'Cornel' Van Cott wanted to see him. 'Smith started for the back of the house, when suddenly the lights all went out and there was a hubbub and confusion. 'When Smith reached the exit he was dragged out onto the landing, and an outsider by the name of 'Cap. Wallace, a big fellow employed at the Post-Office, struck him and then clinched with him. 'Of course Wallace was not a delegate, and was there at somebody's orders. 'A dozen other men then pretended to fight, and inside the hall there were catcalls, yells, and scurrying. Our boys wrestled belligerently with each other, and in the dark one might imagine that a terrible free fight was going on. 'Cap. Wallace and Smith wrestled and tugged at each other, but Wallace was as big as three Smiths, and presently both men fell to the floor and rolled downstairs, tightly clasped in each other's arms. 'John Wesley Jacobus had posted Police Officer Dayton, a good Republican, at the foot of the stairs, and when the supposed belligerents touched bottom the officer gathered them in. 'Smith protested that Wallace alone should be made a prisoner, but Wallace kept up a well-figured complaint against Smith as his unprovoked assailant, and the trusty policeman lugged both Smith and Wallace off to Capt. Garland's old Twenty-eighth Precinct Station, then located in Greenwich street, between Vandam and Charlton streets, and looked them up over night. 'The men were taken to Jefferson Market Police Court in the morning. Smith was much crestfallen. It was a new experience for him. But Police Justice Shandley discharged the prisoners, no one appearing against them. 'Meantime the Convention had gone on with its business. Booth was nominated, and a month later was elected to the Senate. He was re-elected in 1876, and died while at Albany. 'That was about the nearest political trick I was ever over a silent party to. 'Cornel Van Cott has been Senator, and is now our Postmaster; John Wesley Jacobus is United States Marshal; Coakley is Superintendent of the Supply Department at the Post-Office; Hepburn has a place at the Post-Office. 'The policeman, Dayton, was promoted, and became a detective through Mr. Jacobus's help when Sidney Nichols was a Police Commissioner, but he was killed and horribly mangled by a train at Kingsbridge about three years ago, and nearly all the participants in that Convention and sham fight are dead. 'Both the candidates, Booth and Blake, are dead; Hugh Gardner, Billy Symes, Dick Collins, Judge Dean, ex-Senator Lent, Smith and Cap. Wallace—all are dead."

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Mr. Morris was an Excelsior Commissioner by appointment of Mayor Edson, and it was due largely to his energetic, untiring antagonism to the grocery groggshops that the city was ridded of them, and the law prohibiting the opening of a bar in a grocery was passed.

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POINTERS ON THE RACES. Tipsters' Opinions as to the Various Winners To-Day.

Programme of the Several Events to Be Run On.

The card for Guttenburg's first extra day is a very good one considering the short notice which horse owners received of the change. The fields are not heavy but the entries are very good and the race between F. J. M. and C. J. M. and Sunday should be especially interesting.

The sport begins with a seven furlong dash. Milton appears to be the best of the lot. He showed great improvement in his last race, when at Clifton and when he ran Belle D'Or to a head. On that performance he should be able to beat the pool lot pitted against him today. Innocence ran a very good race on Thursday last and she should be the runner up. Orson may be third.

The second race is at six furlongs. As the track will not be so hot and heavy the going should suit all horses, and he ought to win. Dixie may shake him up pretty close, but it comes to a drive the latter is liable to quit. Shotover, who appears to have a liking for third place, may fill that position again today.

The third race is for maiden three-year-olds at six and a half furlongs. Apollo, a fine-looking son of Pontiac, may win. He has only started twice, but showed improvement in his race Saturday. The Hope colt may be the runner up, and Melville should beat the others.

The fourth race is a five-furlong dash. All five of the entrants have a chance. Fecund may be scratched, as he pulled up lame in his last race. The weather is against Astor's chances, and Sunday, Rancocas and Little Fred appear to have the race between them. The Hoboken stable (Rancocas and Little Fred) should win with whichever horse they start. Sunday may be second and Astor third.

The fifth race is at a mile and a sixteenth. Gloster has shown up so well in distance races that he ought to win today, so poor is the lot entered with him. Lewis Clark may be second and Adamant third. The sixth race is at seven furlongs, should fall to Reporter if he is ridden by anybody but Caris. This last race should be won by Harry Ireland may be second and Marsh second third.

Tipsters in the Sporting World make these selections:
First Race—Milton R., Innocence.
Second Race—Dixie, Guarantee.
Third Race—Apollo, Rancocas.
Fourth Race—Astor, Fecund.
Fifth Race—Gloster, Joburg.
Sixth Race—Reporter, Buckskins.

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Sixth Race—Reporter, Buckskins.

A CHILD SKINNED ALIVE. Horrible Death of Pretty Three-Year-Old Salvatore Doria.

He Was Scalded, but Death Is Alleged to Be Due to Poisoned Ointment.

Dr. John J. Leppa, of 84 Centre street, reported to Coroner Messemor to-day the horrible death, under suspicious circumstances, of a beautiful three-year-old child at 15 Roosevelt street.

The child's parents had asked him to issue a death certificate, but he had declined on the ground that an investigation was needed. The child was Salvatore Doria, a blue-eyed, fair-haired and very pretty boy, not at all resembling his parents, Pietro and Maria Doria, a typical Italian couple, who live on the fourth floor of the Roosevelt street tenement.

Last Tuesday Dr. Leppa was called to the house by the father, and found that the child had pulled a pot of boiling water down upon itself from the range. He prescribed lime-water and linseed oil for the scalds which were apparently not dangerous.

On Wednesday when Dr. Leppa saw the little patient the child was much better and he did not call either Thursday or Friday. Yesterday morning Dr. Leppa was summoned in haste by Doria and found the little child in a terrible condition.

Every particle of skin from the nose to the feet had fallen away from the body, both the back and abdomen being raw. Dr. Leppa accused the father of using some preparation other than the prescription, but Doria denied this.

The doctor said at midnight, and Doria then showed Dr. Leppa the remains of a pound and a half of an ointment with which he said he had anointed the child. The ointment was of a reddish color, and Dr. Leppa is certain that it contains red precipitate of mercury, a deadly poison.

An analysis of the ointment will be necessary. Dr. Leppa could not ascertain where the ointment was procured. The box which contained it had no label, and Doria either would not or could not tell whence it was procured. Dr. Leppa is convinced that death was caused by the red precipitate and not by the burns.

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AWFUL EXPERIENCES RELATED BY AN AMERICAN SEA CAPTAIN.

Shut Up in a Coal Mine for Poaching in Russian Waters.

Fellow Sailors Failed to Survive the Monstrously Cruel Punishment.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.] BOSTON, Feb. 9.—The Herald this morning prints the terrible story of the imprisonment of four New England sailors—one of them born in Boston—for two years and ten months in a Siberian coal mine. Their offense was poaching in Russian waters for seal and walrus.

An American died, after starting upon rice soup and being eaten by vermin. This scene also had been the fate of the twelve or fifteen Japanese who made up the rest of the crew.

The first member of this little party to reach home after being mourned as dead is Capt. Joseph W. Morris, of this city. He had made an unsuccessful expedition to the islands in Behring Sea, and then he tried it again, with the schooner Helena, manned by four American and twenty-two Japanese sailors.

F. C. Crocker, of Bearport, Me., was second mate, Buck Folger, of Nantucket, was third mate, and J. C. Golder, of Bath, was shipkeeper. The schooner made a successful run to the islands, secured a full cargo of seals, and was headed for Yokohama when a Russian man-of-war overhauled them.

One of the crew were killed by volleys from the man-of-war, according to Capt. Morris's story. The others were refused hotel and other accommodations and had to live out of doors, sleeping in holes in the bank, lined with dry grass.

After the trial, the evidence against them being given in the Russian tongue and they not knowing a word of it, they were taken to the coal mines at Nicolai, where they were sentenced to hard labor for three years, says Capt. Morris.

Other names were called one by one and each of us received from the interpreter a paper stating that each must dig and send up from the mine five carloads of coal a day. 'If the stated amount of coal did not come up no rations would be sent down, so that if we were sick we would have to starve to death. 'It was the first to go down, and I did not again see the light of day for two years and ten months. I was left in a pit 800 feet long and about 30 wide. 'It was so intense that I was never able to see but a few feet in front of me. 'After I had been down a little while I saw a light at the end of the tunnel. I at once went towards it, and there behind one of the most awful sights I ever saw in my life. 'The light was covered with coal dust from head to foot, his coat was in tatters and he was a sight to behold. The light that I had seen came from the miner's lantern on his head. 'I saw the other men and I saw a savage yell, and came towards me rapidly, talking in Russian, to which I could only reply with a few words of English. 'I was picked up in disgust. 'To the man, who was a Polish political prisoner, Capt. Morris was chained. The man was insane. He ate the captain's rations and grew violent when his fellow prisoners refused to eat. He had a terrible fight with me, and the Pole was beaten, owing to his lack of skill and the fact that he was not used to the work. 'After three months the Pole died. The captain was by that time nearly starved and was almost dead when I was picked up. 'I thought that if I could wheel the corpse from the pit of coal to the shaft, take it off the track and throw it overboard, I would be free. 'The next day I was taken to the shore and was hard enough to do two men's work I would get the rations sent down for both of us, and the consequences upon the Sixth Avenue Hotel charges, and his more recent befriending of liver-stable-keeper Michael J. Sullivan, the slayer of James Cummings. 'While no announcement has yet been made of their decision, the Commissioners are unanimous in their determination that Capt. Killia must be transferred and as if the Board had a man high in police circles: 'Capt. Killia's case has bothered the Board not a little, and while it is known that a certain Commissioner might be inclined to deal severely with him, his transfer to the Thirtieth Precinct is being considered. 'The question of his transfer, too, has proved something of a hitch in the Board, and while he is regarded by some as an unfaltering Tammany Hall captain, he has found a warm and substantial supporter in the person of Police Justice Murray, who is now allied with Commissioner Voorhies in the building up of the New York Democracy. 'There is no doubt that the change of Capt. Killia means nothing less than that Commissioner Martin thinks he is the best man for the lower portion of Mayor Grant's district, which is intensely Tammany Hall. Capt. McAvoy owes his present position to Mayor Grant, though Commissioner McAvoy, the only Republican member of the Board, appointed him, and he is naturally a staunch adherent of the Wigwam. 'Of course, Capt. Killia is cognizant of the impending transfer, and he is glad to go to the Thirtieth Precinct to relieve a man who, unlike other captains, has not made any effort to supplant him. 'Police Commissioner Martin said to an Evening World reporter that the Board had not yet taken final action regarding the recent trial of Capt. Killia. He was unable to state when that action would be taken, and insisted that he had heard nothing of the proposed transfer. 'Capt. Killia told the reporter that he had been hearing rumors of transfers of late and that he had feared pre-emptively in all of them. He knew nothing about exchanging places with Capt. McAvoy, but was certain that he would try to do his duty wherever he was assigned by his superior. 'Capt. McAvoy said, when asked by THE EVENING WORLD: 'Since I have been a captain report has had it that I would be sent to every precinct in this city. I have been sent to the Thirtieth Precinct, and I am sure that I will do my duty there as well as I have done elsewhere. 'Capt. Killia has been on the force since Oct. 1, 1907. In 1907 he was made lieutenant, and in 1908 he was promoted to captain. 'In March, 1907, he was tried before the Police Commissioners and acquitted on charges of levying tribute on a saloon-keeper. Another charge was made, and he was acquitted. 'After some days later, with a like result, he was again acquitted. 'Capt. Killia was last December on Clark Hill's charges, relative to the Sixth Avenue Hotel. 'The latest howl against Capt. Killia has received considerable publicity. When Inspector Murray's men entered his precinct and raided a policy shop and gambling house at 1003 Broadway.

NANTICOKE'S IMPRISONED MINERS Rescued by Brave Comrades.

Five Long Days They Had Lived on Hope Alone.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.] NANTICOKE, Pa., Feb. 9.—John Hiner, William Wade and Michael Sheehan, the miners imprisoned in No. 3 shaft, grand tunnel, on last Wednesday by a deluge of water which broke upon them from an abandoned working, were found alive this morning at about 3 o'clock, and at 7 o'clock they were carried from the mine to their homes.

They were found by the gang of rescuers at the top of a cross heading, the highest point they could reach, and which was only six feet above the elevation reached by the flood. Here they had waited in darkness and gloom, but not without hope, for reason. 'They could hear the throbbing of the great pumps, 500 feet away. 'It was not until after 4 o'clock this morning that George Bendel managed to float upon a raft across the water which yet filled the bottom of the main gateway. 'The imprisoned men heard him as he reached the side they were on, and faintly came the cry to him: 'We are up here, all alive and waiting for you. 'Bendel took up the joyous shout and sent it across the water in thrilling measures: 'The men are found! They are alive alive alive! 'Two other hardy miners, Anthony Jones and William Bowen, at once plunged into the murky abyss, wading and swimming to the other side, and soon others followed them. 'The men were rescued and brought out of the heading to the main gateway. 'Milk was given to them as nourishment, and at 6 o'clock they were carried upon the shoulders of the rescuers across the water. 'When the rescuers came to the men they were rapturously greeted, the three miners embraced and kissed each other. 'The two little villages across the river from here, where the men lived, are filled with unspeakable joy over the rescue.

CAPT. KILLIEA FOR HARLEM. His Probable Exchange of Commands with Capt. McAvoy.

The Police Commissioners, it is declared on high authority, are preparing another shake-up among the police captains some time this month. Ever since the transfer of captains a few weeks ago a feeling of uncertainty has taken possession of those gentlemen as yet undisturbed in their present commands.

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THE WEST'S BIG BLIZZARD. Comparable Only to the Great Storm of March, '88.

Union Pacific Trains Blocked—Fears of Distress Along the Line.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.] CHICAGO, Feb. 9.—As a result of yesterday's terrible storm waves were working badly East and West. Despatches are received, however, showing that the blizzard in South Dakota, Nebraska, Wyoming and other parts of the Northwest was of the most furious order.

The storm area, however, seems to have been of a belt form, as Grand Forks, Fargo and Bismarck were reported outside of it, while Rapid City, March, 1908, Pierre and other points were getting the full benefit. The wind blew from thirty-five to forty miles an hour, and the snow was driven furiously before the gale. 'While snow was reported piled ten feet deep in places in the southern part of Nebraska, in others the action of the wind had been such that the depth scarcely reached seven inches. 'At Cheyenne, Wyoming, at the latest report, three Union Pacific fast trains were stranded with about 400 passengers; three others were blocked at Sydney, Neb., and at intermediate stations. 'A gang of 800 men are out on the road with snow-plows and scrapers trying to shovel and push out a clear way for trains. 'It is feared that there will be much distress in towns along the blocked railways before supplies can be renewed. 'All the dispatches say the storm, in desecration and extent, is comparable only to that of the great blizzard of March, 1888, when the snow was heavy at St. Paul, Lake City, New Hampton, Ashland and other points in Minnesota, Iowa and Wisconsin. 'At Huron, S. Dak., the mercury fell to 50 degrees below zero during the blizzard. 'At Aberdeen 10 below was reached, and in place of snow, which fell last night, a dry dust was driven through the air.

HOW WAS PHALEN KILLED? Probing the Mystery of His Slaughter on the "L" Road.

Col. Hain and his assistants are to-day investigating the mystery of the death of Car Cleaner Daniel Phalen, whose body was found in the empty coach-house at the Thirty-second street station of the Third Avenue Elevated road, early yesterday morning. That Phalen was struck by the locomotive of some downtown train seems certain, as shown by the character of the injuries upon his body.

It also seems probable that the edge of the platform on which the coach-house was built when the accident occurred, and that he just had strength sufficient to drag himself into the house out of the rain and sleet; for there are the marks of blood all along the platform, from the lower end to the door of the little room where his body was found. 'The hour at which the accident occurred, it will be put the final touches to the scene of a police investigation, which certain citizens recently against a well-known Captain. 'A prominent police official states that as a result of the trial of Capt. Killia, of the Twenty-second Precinct, before the Police Commissioners, the question of making an alleged false report concerning the Sixth Avenue Hotel, he will exchange places with Capt. McAvoy, of the Thirtieth Precinct, on West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street. 'The proposed transfer of Capt. Killia is said to be due in some measure to his personal attitude upon the charges that they were charged upon the Sixth Avenue Hotel charges, and his more recent befriending of liver-stable-keeper Michael J. Sullivan, the slayer of James Cummings. 'While no announcement has yet been made of their decision, the Commissioners are unanimous in their determination that Capt. Killia must be transferred and as if the Board had a man high in police circles: 'Capt. Killia's case has bothered the Board not a little, and while it is known that a certain Commissioner might be inclined to deal severely with him, his transfer to the Thirtieth Precinct is being considered. 'The question of his transfer, too, has proved something of a hitch in the Board, and while he is regarded by some as an unfaltering Tammany Hall captain, he has found a warm and substantial supporter in the person of Police Justice Murray, who is now allied with Commissioner Voorhies in the building up of the New York Democracy. 'There is no doubt that the change of Capt. Killia means nothing less than that Commissioner Martin thinks he is the best man for the lower portion of Mayor Grant's district, which is intensely Tammany Hall. Capt. McAvoy owes his present position to Mayor Grant, though Commissioner McAvoy, the only Republican member of the Board, appointed him, and he is naturally a staunch adherent of the Wigwam. 'Of course, Capt. Killia is cognizant of the impending transfer, and he is glad to go to the Thirtieth Precinct to relieve a man who, unlike other captains, has not made any effort to supplant him. 'Police Commissioner Martin said to an Evening World reporter that the Board had not yet taken final action regarding the recent trial of Capt. Killia. He was unable to state when that action would be taken, and insisted that he had heard nothing of the proposed transfer. 'Capt. Killia told the reporter that he had been hearing rumors of transfers of late and that he had feared pre-emptively in all of them. He knew nothing about exchanging places with Capt. McAvoy, but was certain that he would try to do his duty wherever he was assigned by his superior. 'Capt. McAvoy said, when asked by THE EVENING WORLD: 'Since I have been a captain report has had it that I would be sent to every precinct in this city. I have been sent to the Thirtieth Precinct, and I am sure that I will do my duty there as well as I have done elsewhere. 'Capt. Killia has been on the force since Oct. 1, 1907. In 1907 he was made lieutenant, and in 1908 he was promoted to captain. 'In March, 1907, he was tried before the Police Commissioners and acquitted on charges of levying tribute on a saloon-keeper. Another charge was made, and he was acquitted. 'After some days later, with a like result, he was again acquitted. 'Capt. Killia was last December on Clark Hill's charges, relative to the Sixth Avenue Hotel. 'The latest howl against Capt. Killia has received considerable publicity. When Inspector Murray's men entered his precinct and raided a policy shop and gambling house at 1003 Broadway.

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